

An excellent Ballad of *George Barnwel* an Apprentice of *London*, who was undone by a strumpet, who having thrice robbed his Master, and murdered his Uncle in *Ludlow*. The tune is, *The Merchant*.

All youths of faire England,
that dwell both far and near
Regard my story that I tell,
and to my Song give ear:
A London Lad I was,
a Merchants Apprentice bound,
My name George Barnwel that did
my Master many a pound. (I spend
Like bird of Harlots henn
and their fattering train; I brought
It by that means I have been
to hang all be in Chains.
As I upon a day
was walking through the street,
About my Masters business,
I did a woman meet;
A gallant dainty Dame
and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling looks she greeted me
and did my name requite.
Which when I had declar'd
she gave me then a kiss,
And said if I would come to her,
I should have more then this,
In faith my Boy (quoth she)
such news I can thee tell,
As will rejoyce thy very heart,
then come where I do dwell,
For spirits then said I,
if I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
for I abroad must go.
To gather money in;
that is my Masters due,
And ere that I do home return,
He come and visit you.
Good Barnwel then (quoth she)
do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for M^rs. Milwood there
next day unto the Sun.
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep touch with me (heart)
For thy friends sake as my own
thou shalt right welcome be.
Thus parted we in peace,
and home I passed right,
When went abroad and gathered in
by six a clock at night,
An hundred pounds and one,
with bag under mine arm,
I went to M^rs. Milwoods house
and thought on little harm.
And knocking at the door
straight way her self came down.
Ruffling in most brave attire,
her hand and liken Colow.
Which though her beauty bright,
so glorious did shine.
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,
she seemed so divine.
She took me by the hand,
and with a modest grace, (she)
Welcom sweet Barnwel then (quoth she)
unto this homely place,
Welcom ten thousand times
more welcome then my mother.

And better welcome I protest
then any one or other:
And seeing I have thee found,
as good as thy word to be,
A home ly supper ere thou part
thou shalt take here with me,
O pardon me quoth I,
for why, out of my Masters house
so long I have not stay.
Alas good Sir she said,
art thou so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest
one hour or two abide: (friends
Faith then the case is hard
if it be so (quoth she)
I would I were a Merchants bound
to live in house with thee.
Therefore my sweetest George,
let well what I do say,
And do not blame a woman much
her fancy to betray.
Let not affections force
be counted less desire,
For think it not impossible
I would thy love requite.
Which that she turn'd aside
and with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she betray'd,
by holding down her head:
A Hankerchiffe she had
all wrought with silk and gold,
Which she to stop her tickling
against her eyes did hold. (tears
Which thing unto my sight
was monstrous rare and strange
And in my mind & inward thoughts
it wrought a sudden change.
That I so hardy was,
to take her by the hand.
Saying sweet Spirits why do you
so sad and heavy stand:
Call me no Spirits now,
but Sara thy true friend,
Thy servant Sara honouring thee,
until her life hath end.
If thou wouldst here abide,
thou art it pears a boy,
So was Adonis, yet was he
fairer Venus Love and Joy.
Was I that nere before
of women found such grace,
And seeing now so fair a Dame
gave me a kind embrace.
I sapt with her that right,
with joys that did abound,
And for the same paid presently
in money twice thy pound.
A hundred kisses then,
for my farewell she gave,
Saying sweet Barnwel when shall I
again thy company have:
O stay not too long my dear
sweet George have me in mind,
Her words belov'd, his chyldeish
heart then the saying gave.

So that I made a bow,
next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sara once again
to tell some pleasant tale.
When she heard me say so
the tears fell from her eyes,
O George quoth she if thou wilt fail
thy Sara sure will dye,
Though long yet so at last
the pointed time was come.
That I must with my Sara meet
having a mighty sum.
Of money in my hand.
Unto her house went I
whereas my Love upon her bed,
in saddest sort did lye.
What aple my hearts Delight
my Sara Dear (quoth he)
Let not my Love lament & grieve,
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But tell to me my Dearest friend
what may thy woes amend?
And thou shalt lack no means of
tho forty pound I spend. (help
Which that she turn'd her head,
& such thus did say, (great
O my sweet George my grief is
ten pounds I have to pay,
Unto a cruel foretch,
and God he knows (quoth she)
I have it not. Tush rise quoth I
and take it here of me,
Ten pounds, no ten times ten
shall make my love decay,
When from his Bag into her lap,
he cast ten pounds straight way,
All blith and pleasant then,
to banquetting they go.
She proffered him to lye with her
and said it should be so,
And after that same time,
I gave her store of Cohn,
Near sometimes fifty pound at once
all which I did purloyn.
And thus I did pass on,
until my Master then,
Did call to have his reckoning in
cast up among his men
The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out,
two hundred pound that day
When from my Master straight
I ran in secret sort.
And unto Sara Milwood then
my state I did report,
But how she us'd this youth,
in this his extrem need,
The which did her necessity,
to oft with money feed.
The second part behold,
shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a strumpets wily ways
with all her tricks discharge.

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The which did her necessity,
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The second part behold,
shall tell it forth at large,
And shall a strumpets wily ways
with all her tricks discharge.

Here comes young Barnwel unto
 sweet Sara my delight, (the
 I am undone except thou stand
 my faithful friend this night
 Our Master to command accomps
 hath just occasion found,
 And I am come behind the hand
 almost two hundred pound.
 And therefore knowing not at all,
 what answer for to make,
 And his displeasure to escape,
 my way to thee I take.
 Hoping that in this ex remity,
 thou wilt my succour be.
 That for a time he may remain
 in secret here with thee.
 With that the knit and bent her
 and looking ad aquoy (brows
 No, the what should I have to do,
 with any prentice boy?
 And seeing you hate parloyn and
 your Masters goods away (got
 The case is bad, and therefore here
 I mean thou shalt not stay
 Why sweet heart thou knowst be
 that all which I do get, said
 I gave it and do spend it all
 upon thee etery whit:
 Thou knowst I loved thee so well,
 thou couldst not ask the thing,
 But that I do incostment,
 the same unto thee bzing.
 Quoth she thou art a penitry Jack
 to charge me in this sort,
 Being a woman of credit good,
 and known of good report.
 And therefore this I tel thee flat,
 we packing with good speed
 I do desire thee from my heart,
 and scorn thy flit by de d
 Is this the love & friendship which
 thou dost to me protest,
 Is this the greatest affection which
 you seem'd to express:
 Now lie on all deceitfull shew
 the best is I may speed,
 To get a lodging any where,
 for money in my need. (well
 Therefore false woman now fare-
 while twenty pound doth last,
 My Anchor in some other Haven.
 I will with willome cast
 When the perceiving by his words
 that he had money store.
 That the barrell'd him in such sort
 it grieved her heart full sore.
 Therefore to call him back again,
 she did suppose it best. (quick
 Stay George grow she, thou art too
 wyl man I do but jest? speak
 I think thou for all my passed
 that I would let thee go:
 Faith no go, the my love to thee
 I wils is more then so. (boys
 You will not deal with prentice
 I heard you even now swear
 Therefore I will not trouble you:
 Directly to his Uncle then.
 my George heark in thine ear,
 Thou shalt not go to night go. the
 what chance so ere befall,
 But man we'll have a bed for thee,
 or else the Devil take all,
 thus I was with wiles bewitch'd
 and snar'd with fency still,
 Had not the power to put away
 or to withstand her will
 When mine and mine I called in
 and that upon good cheer
 As nothing in y world I thought,
 for Sarahs love too dear,
 While I was in her company,
 in joy and merriment,
 And all too little I do think,
 that I upon her spent,
 A fig for care and careful thought
 when all my gold is gone,
 In faith my girl we will have more
 who ere it light upon.
 My Father's rich, why then go, I,
 should I want any gold,
 With a Father indeed quoth she
 a son may well be bold.
 I have a sister richly wed,
 He rob her ere He want:
 Why then go, Sara they may well
 consider of your want. (have
 Nay more, then this an Uncle I
 at Ludlow he doth dwell.
 He is a Grasser which in wealth,
 doth all the rest excell.
 Ere I will lye in lack quoth he,
 and have no cogn for thee,
 He rob y Church and murder him
 why should you not quoth she,
 Ere I would want, were I a man,
 or lye in poverty estate,
 On father, friends and all my kin
 I would my talons grate;
 For without money George go. the
 a man is but a beast,
 And bringing money thou shalt be
 always my chiefest guest.
 For say thou shouldst be pursued he,
 with twenty huns and cypes
 And with a warrant searched for
 with Argo's hundred shas,
 Yet in my house thou shalt be safe
 such pldp, wapes there be, (are
 That if they sought an hundred pe-
 they could not find out thee,
 And so carousing in their cups
 their pleasures to content,
 George Barnwel had in little space
 his money wholly spent.
 Which being done, to Ludlow then
 he did provide to go,
 To red his wealthy Uncle then
 his opinion would it so.
 And once or twice he thought to
 his father by the way, (take
 But he thought his Master there
 took order for his stay;
 Directly to his Uncle then.
 he rood with might and main,
 where with good welcome and good
 he did him entertain. (cher
 A fennit space he stayed there
 until it chanced so,
 His Uncle wif h'it Cattle did
 unto a market go. (him
 His h'it linen needs must ride with
 and when he saw r'ht plain,
 Great store of money he had took
 in com'g home again,
 He suddenly within a wood
 he struck his Uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head
 so fast he crackt his Crown.
 And fourscore pound in ready cogn
 out of his purse he took.
 And coming unto London strait, he
 the Countrey quike forsook,
 To Sara Milwood, then he came,
 shewing his store of gold,
 And how he had his Uncle slain,
 to her he plainly told.
 With this no matter George go. the
 so we the money have,
 And have good her in jolly sort
 and deck us fine and brave.
 And thus they liv'd in fiftly sort,
 till all his store was gone,
 And means to get them any more
 I wils poor George had none.
 And there he now in raving sort
 he thrust him out of Dor,
 which is the just reward they get,
 that spend upon a Whore,
 Do me not this vile disgrace,
 in this my need quoth he,
 She call'd him thief and murderer,
 with all despite may be:
 And to the Constable she went
 to have him apprehended,
 And shew'd in each begges how far
 he had the Law offend,
 When Barnwel saw her prift,
 to see he got straight way, (king
 where fear & Dread, & Conscience
 upon him still doth stay.
 Unto the Mayor of London then
 he did a Letter write,
 wherein his own & Sarahs faults
 he did at large recte,
 whereby she apprehended was
 and then to Ludlow sent,
 where she was judg'd, condemn'd
 for murder incontinent. (hang'd
 And there this gallant Queen did
 this was her greatest gains. (dye
 For murdering in Polonia
 was Barnwel hang'd in chains
 So here's the end of foolish youth,
 that after Patriots haunt,
 who in the spoyle of other men
 about the streets do haunt.

FINIS;